

it's all about that's g ups

# Proof I Exist #9

Well, I'm  
ark dusty road  
with a magical broom, I'm  
the way for a brand new day

Well, it's all about survival when you live  
on the road, I laughed at senators and the  
limos that they drove, I'm tryin to pave  
the way for a brand new day

Punch your ticket and climb on board, lady  
and we can sing and shout, and if your  
mother starts complaining we'll give her  
something to complain about

FEB'08

Well, it's all about

Well, it's all about lovin if you want  
stay young, we will always be singin  
will always have fun, I'm tryin to pave  
the way for a brand new day

tryin to pave the way

for a brand new day.

Well, it's all about  
the way



Every Thursday I write my mother a letter. Thursdays are my day off, so I use my time as best I can. I have class in the morning, then spend the afternoon running errands and catching up on all the little things that an eight hour day ~~x~~ won't allow time for. I used to write a lot more letters than what I do now, but i'm trying very hard to get back to it. Anyone who knows me knows what a 'tricky thing' communication can be. It's been a couple years now since my father's passing, but I still use it as the reason for my social withdrawal. Whether or not this reason holds any validity is up to my future biographers to decide. As some of you may have read in ~~x~~ my last issue, I used to live in a big party house full of life, full of friends, and full of adventure. I gave it all up, however, for the quiet life of complete solitude, or the closest I could find in a city so full. I moved into a basement apartment with no one but my dog to greet me at the end of a long day. In this way I began to associate myself with all the mountain men who came long before me, viewing my life as an endurance to be experienced on my own. This, of course, is not something that works well for my lover and best friend, and over the past few months she and I have had to work through some these issues. I like to think of us both as a bit crazy, and am madly in love with everythng about ~~x~~ her. But sometimes our issues clash with each other and times get a bit rough. BUT so far we've done a pretty good job of sticking with one another, and if I were the type to pray then I would pray we be together forever.

She told me that my brother had been trying to get ahold of me, and that I should call him back. The tone in her voice let me also know how she feels about my phone situation. That situation, of course, is that I don't have ~~x~~ a phone. When someone wants to



get in touch with me, then they have to go about it in other ways. One such way is email, though I don't always respond. Or they can call my work, in which case I won't be able to talk all that long. Or they can call Allison's number, and on the 50/50 chance that I am with her, the person might also be able to talk with me. Otherwise they leave a msg with her, and she has to pass it on to me. How in the world she has put up with this nonsense for 2 years, I will never know. My many reasons for not wanting a cell phone are not important at this time, but let's just say that I feel I am getting on just fine without one. Let me, however, take this chance to publicly apologize to everyone I've inconvenienced due to this stubborn attitude, especially my sweetheart.

Aaron called me at work a couple days later and we chit-chatted for awhile. He told me all about his new life as a hog farmer. He works with Cale, one of my best friends ever. The ~~xx~~ two of them are responsible for the artificial insemination of 300 hogs a day. Yes, my brother helps pigs fuck. At no point in our 15 minute conversation did I feel the need to say how absolutely opposed to all of this I actually am. Instead I just let him talk about his new job, the hours, the pay, and then tell me about his wife, his two kids (one is 2 years old, the other 2 months) and how his new house isn't as big as he'd like, but it's got a yard. I listened to how proud he was of the direction his ~~x~~ life is going, and all I could think about was how proud I was of him.

His main reason for calling was to ask if I was coming home for Mom's birthday in December. Sadly, I had to tell him no. I work in a toy ~~xxxxx~~ store, and December is not the optimal time to take a vacation. I did promise to do my best to make it home on Christmas, though, something I haven't done in years.



It's been over a year since I wrote an issue of Proof I Exist. That's not to say I've stopped existing, nor to say I've stopped writing. I've done a bit of both. Mostly within my own mind, however. It's funny, if you think about it, how much of our ~~xxxxx~~ existence occurs in our own minds.

Not a day goes by that I don't mentally pen a rather witty comentary about whatever set of circumstances I happen to find myself in. Of course, by the time I reach my home I haven't the energy to PHYSICALLY pen those same thoughts. So after months of thinking about doing a new issue (and even worse, after months of TALKING about a new issue) I finally decided to sit down and get it started. The key element in my motivation is the typewriter ribbon Allison bought me. Perhaps this wonderful clickety-clack will encourage me to spill my soul for my faithful readers. It certainly has allowed~~xxx~~ me to disregard any typos or imperfections which may occur. Good. I hate it when things are perfect.

Last week was the first week in some time when I felt the need for a jacket. After months of Chicago bitching about the heat, we are now only a short time away from being able to bitch about the cold. Good. I love it when people bitch. Especially when it concerns very predictable and unchangable things, like weather or the traffic. "Parking is terrible in this neighborhood! I was circling for 20 minutes!!" Ha, good! Get a bike, asshole, what do I care? It's all small talk though, something to keep your mouth busywhile your brain contemplates the meaning of life. Good luck.

Anyway, despite how that last paragraph might sound, Im actually in a quite excellent mood. After struggling in various ways for the past couple months, I now feel I am beginning



to return to my old self. A "classic" Billy, if you will. I'm still living by myself, and I still refuse to invite anyone over, but I did take a trip down to Bombshell Salon (on Halstead) to have my stylist, Ms. Michelle Tucker, get my hair all styled up. This is a big step for someone who is coming out of their shell. It's attention, an invitation for conversation. People like, or hate it, or whatever, and feel just fine talking to you about it.

I was supposed to have a small party at my house tonight, and I'm so glad I cancelled it. Sitting ~~in~~ here in my seclusive confines with nothing by my typewriter to keep me company~~x~~ is all the party I need right now.

This is an introduction to a zine that I have not actualdy written yet. That's usually a big mistake. But, hey, start at the beginning, right? Whatever stories I misspell over the next few pages, I hope you enjoy them. I want little more than to do my thing, and tonight my thing is writing a zine. If anyone out there gets something out of what I've done, then all the better. Thank you so much to all my friends who stick by me, no matter how isolated I may sometimes make myself. On my bad days I can be a real depressing ass, but on my good days I like to think I can make anyone smile. But deep down I've always got a bit of love for all of you.

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Train from  
MO

Jan 06



2-7-08

Dear Doug,

How the hell are ya? Hold on, before you answer, let me tell you a little bit about how things are going for me. Crescent Fresh, that's how. When did I write you last, in December or so? My head (and heart) is in a much better place now. But let me say, I very much appreciated your response, as well as the subsequent postcards (your stencils are really improving!)

I type to you on what I believe will be my final night of zine-writing for issue #9 of Proof I Exist. I wrote a few pages of prose back in November, including an introduction, and now 4 months later the intro is the only thing I haven't tossed in the trash. Every time I try and put some ideas down on paper, it sounds so ostentatious, "bla bla bla, here are a few witty remarks about every day life." There are plenty of zines out there to fill that shelf. It's one thing when my dear friends understand my egocentricity, I refuse to allow strangers to draw the same conclusions.

Every time I got frustrated with my efforts of zinedom I would just change paper and write a quick letter to one of my pen pals. And ya know what? Writing letters is WAY better than writing zines. Easier, more fun, and more authentic. Once I realized this, I stopped writing my zine, and just concentrated on letter writing. Then before mailing them off into the far away, I would photo-copy them. BAM! It's like insta-zine! I know it's been done before. Rich Mackin had that zine, and Brandon Weatherbe had his apology issue, plus all the good works of Zach Sternwalker, but it's still a good gimmick.



So, Doug, let me tell you something. One time I went to the store, the corner store on Belmont and Southport. Joe works there, and they call it "Bel-Port Liquors." Well one time, and this was years ago, I went there to purchase some beverages and a candy bar. I paid for my three items and left the store. On my 1/2 block walk back to my place of business I had the most excellent idea to juggle my recently purchased refreshments. I had a Snickers Bar, a bottle of AJ for myself, and then a bottle of Cranberry Juice for Ted. It seemed like a fine way to spend the 20 seconds it takes to get from store to store. Well, drumroll please, I of course dropped my bottle of AJ. It shattered on the sidewalk, and juice took flight. Upon returning to work, I acted as if I had never even purchased myself a juice, out of my fear of being embarrassed, and/or later referred to as a bad juggler. I have never told anyone this story. My question to you, then, is why? Fear? Shame? My no nonsense tough love attitude? Well, actually, the story just isn't really all that interesting. Just because a story goes untold, that doesn't always mean it is a secret, and just because someone goes to all the effort to tell a story, that doesn't mean it will be interesting.

Here, let's try again. Two nights ago I dreamt I was a cat. I didn't BECOME a cat, I just was one. I sat on the floor, not really thinking too much, but just looking around. "look, that's a couch. and that? that's my scratching post." I then reached a paw out and was delighted by it. I was a black cat with white feet, and I just kept reaching out to look at



my beautiful fur. Then I started rubbing it against my face, and OH! What a feeling! My simple life as a cat, I just wanted to be petted, I wanted someone else to go ahead and experience the wonder of my soft soft fur! And then, just then, it happened, a large human reached down, as if from Heaven, and gave me a pat, then a scratch, and nothing ever felt so good in all my nine cat lives!

Doug, I will write you again in one week, after my new zine is done. It ~~seems~~ occurs to ~~me~~ me now that you have never written a zine. Why is this?

XOXO,

p.s., you met CT, right?  
↓ ↓

*[Handwritten signature]*





Hello there, Graham, how are you? You sent me a letter a couple months back, I'm not sure when, but I thought I would finally respond to it. You also sent me a copy of your zine, Tangential Fervor." Thank you so much for both, and thank you for taking the time to read my zine.

Let me say that i would, in fact, like to distro your zine, and feel free to send me 5 or 10 copies whenever you can. It was sort of a strange zine to read, very... sporadic, with thoughts coming and going. in part, i'm sure, this is because it was a joint effort with evan. the common theme, to me, seemed to be one of searching. but then again. i think i find this theme in every zine i read. are we really so lost? or is it just me? is it just zinesters, or is it just the 20-30 year old crowd that lives here in Chicago? We are all so ready for the good life, aren't we? but I think we are also secretly afraid that this might be as good as it gets. do we try to make things better, or do we enjoy it all before things get worse?

Today I left my house to run some errands, and when I got outside there was this thick fog just draped over everything. The air was wet, and all the inches of snow were melting off, and making Chicago a sloppy pile of slush no matter which way you turned. In the distance I could hear a siren wailing, a normal thing to hear in the city, but when that sound cutsix its way through a dreary mess of mist it has no ~~other~~ other option than to become the ominous soundtrack to a violent imagination. Everything is so much more dramatic in the fog, don't you think? I rode my bike to the post office just waiting for the truck that was bound to hit me, then I peddled to the bank where I knew there would be a hold up, then off to the store, which I was certain would be ablaze with the work of a serial arsonist. Meaning, excitement, danger. Humans are so afraid of it, yet crave it to the point of creating some when there is none to



he found. In the end I purchased my bread,  
went home, and sat in bed eating a PBJ and  
watching TMNT on DVD. Nothing too meaningful,  
exciting or dangerous about that, but I was in  
a fantastic mood afterwards, and went right to  
sleep for my third nap of the day.

Keep up all the good work, and let me know  
if you'd ever want to read at one of our zine  
gatherings. we don't have them as often as we  
used to, but they are fun nonetheless.

ta're care,

*Billy*





Dear Dan Nemo,

Good lord, how many times have I thought about writing you in the past few months, and now here it is, 2008, and I'm finally doing it! It's about damn time, that's all I can say! Well, before we get started, let me set the scene for you. Today is Jan. 4, 2008, and I am enjoying a nice day off, the first I've really had in some time. The Chicago winter is giving us a temperature of around 20 degrees, and I am nestled in my basement apartment, listening to a Bach box set on my old fashioned record player. My pet pit bull, whom the vet told me yesterday is about 15 lbs overweight, is chewing on her favorite squeek toy. Despite a terrible head cold I've been fighting, today seems to be off to a perfect start, and I expect nothing less for the duration.

Now, Dan, I can only imagine what you might think of me right now. The last time we had any sort of communication was back in June. I'd left you a series of voicemails begging for money. I told you a tale of being arrested for graffiti, and requested \$150 to bail me out. Just when it seemed all hope was lost, you called back and forked over your CC numbers to ensure I would get my freedom back. Then what? Did I call you to thank you? NOPE. Nothing. Many months passed, and I now offer you this letter.

First off, let me say that you <sup>are</sup> a friend, true as they come. I think quite highly of you and have total respect for you. You're funny, you're intelligent, and you are a hell of a piano player. That's why you are one of the 10 people who have been allowed to know where I live, for even my own extreme levels of paranoia will not overpower how awesome I think you are. The notion that I can call you up and beg some money out of you is awesome as well.



But now is the time for my confession. You see, the whole thing was a ruse. Maybe you figured it out from your bank statement, or maybe not, but you never actually gave \$150 to Cook County, and I was never actually arrested for anything. Back in June I was asked to take part in some fundraising efforts for the MDA, the Muscular Dystrophy Association. See, they come and pretend-arrest you, then you have to call all your friends and family to raise money for "bail". All of the money goes to kids who are sick. I called all the ppl I knew, including allison, jenna, and my mom. But you were the only one that i just straight lied to. At different points I have felt some guilt, but let me tell you, when i heard that phone ring, and I ~~xxxx~~ knew it was you calling back, i got ~~x~~ very excited. I grabbed one of the volunteers who was working there, and as the phone rang a second time, told her about the voicemails i'd left you, and begged her to go along with it. She picked up after the third ring with a confident "Cook County Jail, how may I help you?" ~~xx~~ and at that point I had to cover my mouth to hold in the laughter. This girl I'd never met winged it, and ~~xxxx~~ did so with AMAZING conviction! She told you all the official things, took your money, and hung up. Dan Nemo, I lied to you, and I am sorry. But I laughed harder on that day than I can even explain. I was crying with laughter and the success of a good prank!

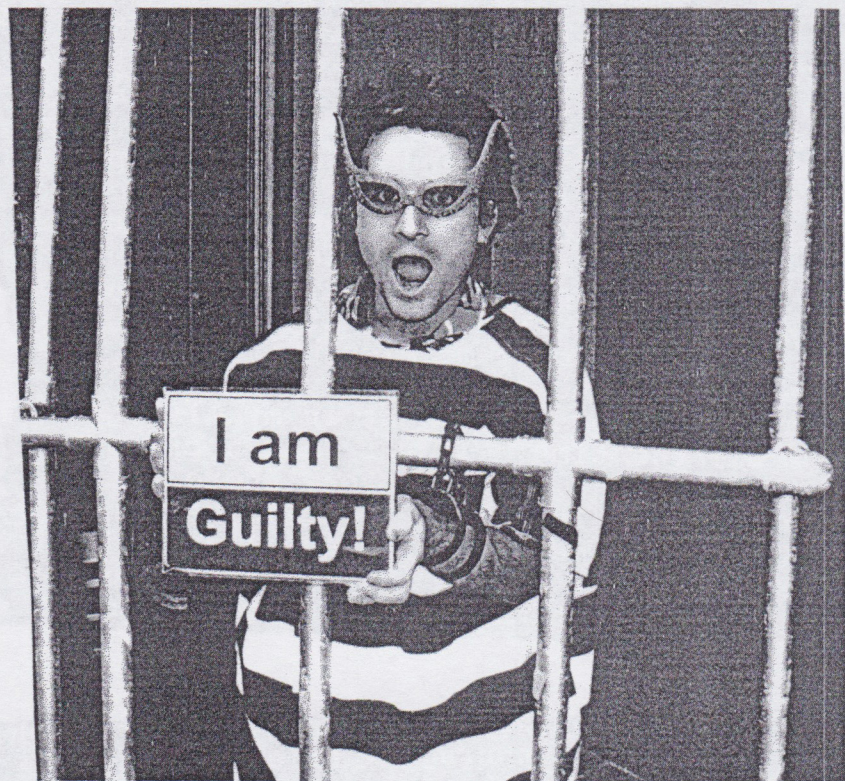
So, why you? Well, first off, I felt that although you are not rich, you are more stable than the majority of my friends. Although \$150 is a lot of money, I didn't think it would break you. But that's only the first part of my reasoning. I've seen you, Dan, I've seen you do things because they were funny. I think you respect and accept a certain amount of asshole behavior, as long as there is a good reason behind it, such as hilarity. In this case, there were two good reasons, because



ultimately the money all goes to a good cause, people and children who have much more to worry about than you or I. This is how I justified my deception towards you.

There is, however, the amount of time that it took me to send you a letter of explanation. For that I offer no justification, but I will tell you my excuses. See, if I really HAD been arrested, and you really HAD bailed me out, you better believe I would have called immediately to thank you thank you, and would have paid you back right away. Instead, you called, paid, then nothing for several months. Well, I wanted to let you wait for a week or so, just to see how you would take all of it. Then, The MDA mailed me this nice photo which was taken on the day of the event. "Ahhh," I thought, "I will write him a nice letter and tell it how it is." But then Jenna didn't know your address. It took forever to get your phone number again (which I'd lost), and when I did get it, I'd now lost the photo. I didn't want to tell you until I found the photo. Weeks turned to months. Then I found the photo, decided it would make a nice Christmas gift. I tried to call you as I passed through Iowa on Christmas day, but the number Jenna gave me was off by one digit, and I never got to talk to you. But then, a week later, Jenna stopped to visit just long enough for lunch. She was telling ~~xxxxxxx~~ me something or other, and I suddenly slapped her arm. "I never told Dan!" She slapped me back. ~~Wx~~ I had her call you right then, get your address, and here we are. My apologies for it all.





I don't know your reactions to all this. You might just think I'm a dick. But I think you are the coolest of the cool, and if you ever want to see my lying face again, come on out to Chicago and I'll make it all up to you. We'll hét the town, the jazz clubs, the bars, and I'll be sure to pick up all the tabs. you rock dan nemo!!

xoxo, Billy



Dear Condenada,

I don't really know how I am going to mail you this letter, but I want to write it anyway. Maybe I'll fold it up and carry it around until I come to your next show.

Awhile ago I came and saw you guys play in someone's basement, and I just wanted to take a moment and tell you what a great time I had. It was that show with Al Scorch rockin his banjo, then later on the FNAs played as well. The whole night was such a good time. It made me miss what I now refer to as "the good ol' days", which is when I had shows like that in my living room all the time. It was just a crowded little basement, but everyone there was so nice and welcoming. I feel like I sort of abandoned the various 'scenes' around Chicago, but it's nice to know that they are still there anytime I am ready to return.

I've seen you ~~guys~~ girls play quite a lot of times, and even drug my friend Dan Nemo out to a show once, one of your first ever. You started out as a pretty decent band, but over the past couple years have really become amazing. Your music represents all the good things about punk rock, so much so that you don't even want to call it that out of fear that someone might immediately pigeon-hole you as "\_\_\_\_\_". Loud, fast, and full of meaning. serious and fun at the same time.

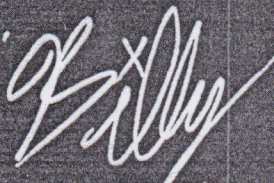
That show was so fun, and there were so many old friends there. Allison came out, and Andrea was there, and Ryan, and even K-Bunny. The music was great, and people were passing around popcorn. What more could you want?



Whenever people from other cities ask me about the music in Chicago I will mention the metal and the hip-hop, and sometimes even G-swing, but then I get to the stuff I am most proud of, the punk rock. Not the fashion punk you find on clark/belmont (though I love that nonsense as well), but the true punk. The house shows and bake sales. I talk about the "southside punk scene", and all the great bands on SouthKore. Songs in more than one language, and bands with intelligent men AND women who can go fucking apeshit for a thirty minute set, then sit down and have an awesome conversation with you. It's so easy to give up on things as we get older.

So much easier to come home and watch TV (which I love to do!) and then not give a shit about the world. About all the people who have less than us, about the animals and the environment, and whatever issues we should feel strong about. But it's so important to stay angry! To be pissed off at all the bullshit in the world! Punk, like anything, can be fucking stupid at times. But it can also be inspiring, and every time I see you play it makes me want to go out and DO SOMETHING. A band, a zine, a stencil, a show, something. So, thank you. Keep up all the good work, you are part of the good side of Chicago.

xoxo,

A stylized, handwritten signature in white ink, appearing to read "Billy". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping 'B' and a long, trailing flourish.



12-30-07

mother mother,

I wanted to type you out a thank you note. it was so nice being back with the family on Christmas. To be honest, I wasn't entirely looking forward to it, but in the end I had quite a lot of fun. It's hard for me to be around family some times, because I end up just missing the old days, plus I always feel a bit like the odd duck out. but these feelings are completely in my head, no one ever made

me feel that way

No one ever made me feel that way. (sorry, ran out of ribbon.) Anyway, point is, I had a lot of fun, legitimate family fun, & I'm glad I made it out.

Your present to me was amazing, it blew my mind. I want to return the favor a bit, so I'm giving you a copy of a zine I wrote last year. I held off for a few reasons, but mostly out of fear of upsetting in whatever way. But I've learned that it's ok to cry sometimes. I love you so much mom, & am thankful for everything.

Take care,

Chuck E. Cheese  
10/06

Billy

My Trip to Chuck E. Cheese's



Dear Ken,

It has been much too long since you and I have had the chance to talk. I say that sincerely, but with the underlying feeling that I've never really had the chance to sit down and talk to you. It's a rare pleasure to chat with you when you stop by Chicago, and I think we have each enjoyed the writings of the other. But honest to god conversatins seem much too few between us. But that is the fault of no one. In the mean time, I thought I would write you a letter. i understand just how busy you are, especially at this time of year, and therefore I don't expect or require a response. But even if you are too busy to write back, I suspect you will enjoy recieving and reading some correspondence, and this suspected enjoyment is enough to get my fingers typing.

Today is my day off from work, a month past my busy season of the year. I had potential errands to run, but the fresh snow blanketing our 4th day straight of single digit temperatures has helped me to decide that today is best spent indoors. I've already listened to 4 sides of Four Seasons albums, started several different paintings, and written two letters, with at least two more to write after this one. I feel so fortunate that my inner-ambitio has matched up with my free time. All too often I will write great epics in my mind, or conceive some masterpiece, all while unable to actually execute it's production. Later when I have nothing at all to do, I will consider these projects, only to find my inspiration has been replaced by a dull and lethargic mentality, or even worse, full blown depression. The night wastes away with sleep and television, and journal writings that I will later destroy and rid myself of due to their negative nature. Do you believe that I have tossed away a half dozen journaals in as many months? I just can't bear the thought of future historians discovering how truly fucked up I really am. But enough of all that. Today is beautiful!



I wanted to thank you quickly for your tip on Little Miss Sunshine. Allison and I ended up going to the premier here in Chicago, and it was one of the best movies I'd seen in some time. Made me laugh, made me cry, what more can you ask from a 90 minute adventure? It's a great piece of work. The other night several of us watched "The Forbidden Zone" which for some reason I'd never seen before. That shit blew my mind! Makes me want to go make a film of my own, which is one of the best feelings a person can experience. The ~~xxx~~ last film I made was for Dan Sutherlands class. It was called "Man Bites Doll", a knock off the classic French film from the early 90's. Eight minutes long, all about a guy killing and raping dolls. In the end he is killed by an innocent looking jogger. It was the first time I used Imovie, which I found to be very quick to learn, and fun to use, though somewhat frustrating for someone who has gone to school to know how to do other options and effects not available on that particular program. But ~~fix~~ film-making is fun, on any program.

How ~~xx~~ has your family been doing? I am curious, of course, about your married life household, but also of your extended family, especially those here in Chicago. I hope everything is ok. The last time I saw you, things seemed sort of serious. But I suppose however things are, in the end everything is ok. But please, let me know the state of everyone's health, and wish them all well for me. I feel lucky to know someone as enlightened and knowledgeable as yourself and your family is just as wonderful.

Ken, have you ever heard of an event called "Los Fallas de Valencia"? It's an annual event in Spain to celebrate St. Josephs Day. Allison has told me all about how marvelous it is, so we might go in March. I have never travelled outside the US, other than the couple times my dad took me fishing in Canada, but I was too young to really remember that. And Europe seems ~~x~~ so far away.



I've always been intimidated by travel. Well, it's one part intimidation, one part disinterest. The disinterest is fueled by my severe cynicism towards life itself, and a general feeling/fear that life is never as great as you hope it will be. I'm trying to use my deep love for Allison as motivation to try and overcome all these notions of negativity. Because, why WOULDN'T I want to go to Spain? Las Fallas sounds amazing, with a week of parades, music, and giant bonfires! I would guess you've seen it at least once. You're the type of person who wouldn't be able to pass up something so great as an annual bonfire celebration.

I'd like to be well-travelled. I think I'm afraid that all my bullshit will follow me there, ya know? That I will go to a beautiful place and experience an incredible event, then still be the same depressed me. But I'm not always depressed, Ken. Sometimes I'm manic, and when I am I try to make the most of it. When I'm depressed, I just try to ride it out. But overall, I have never really been able to tell what clicks me from one mode to the other. The thought of spending money to travel so far just to have my brain run out of my manic-ness is thoroughly depressing. I mean, I'm so happy here in my basement, with my typewriter! Pure joy at every keystroke, and what is so wrong with being satisfied with the little things? I could be happy here in Chicago. But I love Allison, and she needs to travel, and I think I need her, so I'm just hoping I will learn to love travel as much as she does. I do love adventure, and it seems travel is nothing but, so I know at some point you just gotta go, right?



I guess that's about it for me. I will mail this out tomorrow, and will be sending along a number of political accouterments which you may or may not already have. But I know you like and collect that stuff, especially all the items poking fun at our current buffoon in office. Jesus, it's been a long 8 years, hasn't it?

take care my friend,

*Bill*



*Chuck E. Cheese*  
*07/15/08*



Dear Drew,

I wrote a zine about you once, did you know that? There was only one copy ever created, and it only subsisted in the corner of my own mind, but that's beside the point. It was titled "Dear Drew" and started out like this:

'Dear Drew, I don't owe you a damn thing. I'm sorry that I'm not as expressive in real life as I am in my zines, but that doesn't mean I don't honestly want to be friends with you.'

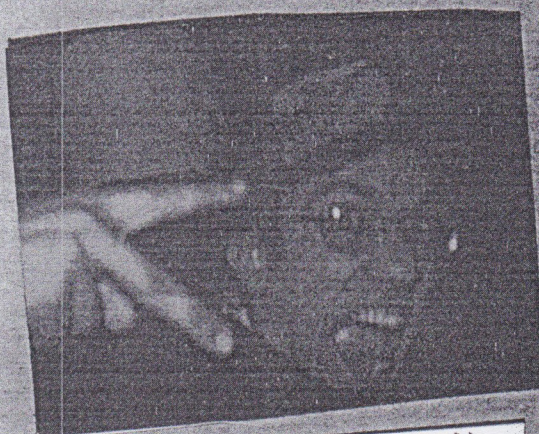
It went on from there, as you can imagine. It was mentally written a little while after I realized you were disappointed in how emotionally unattached I can be at times. It's terrible trait I have learned to use to my advantage over the years.

Several times over the past weeks I have tried to type out a story about you for my zine, something about how we became friends because of the Ninja Turtles, ~~xx~~ and how happy it made me that you came to the HeWhoCorrupts show with me, and maybe even something about how awesome Orange Drink is. But I don't think prose is going to ~~xx~~ make it into PIE9, it just ain't flowing. So here's a letter, because the world seems better after writing a letter! (I just made that up, but I bet it's been said before.)

Ya know, I can understand why it might be fun to razz me about how I never let you come to my house, but have you ever been to Alicia's house? Lots of people don't let people come to their houses, I'm not the only one. but I do like living in my secret location,



and could probably survive just fine never having a single guest over, ever. You, however, have been given a golden ticket! An honest to God ~~xxxx~~ invitation to come over, written and signed and everything, and yet you still haven't made your way over here. What gives? Are you ashamed of your inferior MarioKart skills, or do you fear a vicious pit bull attack? Both are understandable, but you should overcome such restraints and get your ass over here! We can watch four TVs at once, and if you want I could even screen "The BUTtercream Gang" for you, one of the best films ever made!



HWC Mutiny

1-26-08



In conclusion, you rock, I am a better Qix player than you are, and please write a new issue of Robot Killing People, the public is ready.

Keep it Super Cres,

<sup>x</sup>  
Billy



Dear Nia,

02-04-08

Hey, how are you? Billy here, from Loop Distro. You sent me your zine back in Nov, and included a letter in which you told me that you didn't remember me, but that I had sent you a zine the previous July. Well, it turns out I don't remember sending you that zine either. But, your letter and thoughts on my zine were a pleasant surprise, and your zine proved to be an interesting read as well.

First off, thank you for all the things you said about Proof I Exist #8. It was the biggest and most important issue of any zine I've ever done. I just recently mailed a copy to my mother, which was a huge step for me. That particular zine was so very important in my healing process. To answer some of your questions, yes there is now a #9 in the works, and this very letter I type to you may even make an appearance. I've found snail mail to be my favorite form of communication right now, and plan on using it as the engine behind my next issue. As for the cover and other photos in PIE8, none of those images are of me or any thing/one I know, but I wouldn't go so far as to say they are random. I've been asked this by a few other friends, my motivation behind those shots. All the pictures in PIE8 are from an old history book on WW2, and the times before. My father grew up in the olden days, the 30s and 40s. He lived through the Great Depression, and knew what it was like for a whole family to work 12 hour days together on the farm and still have nothin. He lived through tough times, and was a para-trooper in WW2. This era has a particular sentiment for me, because things were hard, mx but they got better. That's the same feeling I was trying to achieve when writing the zine. As for the cover, that's a picture of a WW2 POW right x after being rescued at the end of the war. He has this emotional look on his face that is such a mix of joy and depression. I love that picture, and think it sums up humanity.



And how about the cover of your zine? You sent me a copy of "Angry Black-White Girl", which I read the day I got. ix The cover shows a girl (you?) looking upward, hopeful, a very fitting image for the zine. There are some similarities between our writings, though yours is much more political and mine personal. But both have both, and both seem to be the thoughts of individuals who are searching for identity, as well as trying to understand their own significance in the world. I liked your zine a lot. I love reading zines because it gives me the chance to see something from a another point of x view. You seem to be simultaneously proud of who you are, yet tired of having to constantly explain it. Perhaps that was part of your motivation, because now you can just hand them the zine and say "read this".

I grew up in southern iowa, an area where there is very little, if any, racial diversity. The racism there is very different from the racism I see in Chicago. In Iowa people are racist out of innocent ignorance. I never had any black friends, nor Mexican coworkers, nor muslim professors. I didn't have any gay friends, nor did I know anyone who had gone through a sex change. In Iowa people are racist and sexist and homophobic and all those things, but in a casual way, without talking about it. Everyone is white and straight and Christian, and it's just fine that way. But in Chicago there are millions of people of all different backgrounds, so you can't be quietly racist. You have to see people who are different from you on a daily basis, and then decide how to deal with it. If you are racist here it is very different. There are neo-nazi rallies and whatnot. There are still beatings and killings. Both examples are fucked up, but it's interesting for me to observe each. When someone says they hate mexicans, but are no where near any, it registers as racist, but somewhat harmless. But all those negative thoughts support each other and lead to the



same fucked up end result. But I should stop. I'm trying to relate a lot of thoughts and opinions in just a few sentences, and I don't think I'm being very clear. It's easy to rag on ~~rur~~rural communities, especially ones you grew up in. The fact is, I love Iowa. And there are a lot of awesome, forward-thinking people there. It just makes me sad when I go back and have to hear my old high school classmates say racist bullshit. It sucks when I hear them use the word faggot, or act possessive over "their women". Very little of that shit is put up with in an urban environment, ya know? It seems like more of a conscious decision to be an asshole, rather than a result of good ol' boys you drink with at the bar.

Anyway. I feel like I'm clumsily riding on my high horse. Let me get down off that thing. Your zine was cool, and I'd like to get 10 copies of it for my distro. I can offer you cash or trade, your ~~exis~~ choice. I hope you are still writing. It's an excellent tool for self-understanding, but in many cases can actually help the reader as well.

Oh, and as for Kelly ShortandQueer, he is one of my favorite people in the whole world. Wish that fucker well for me, I miss him all the time, especially when I listen to Country music on the radio.

XOXO,

*Kelly*

ps, there is a graffiti artist in Chicago that goes by nia. From now on I will imagine it is you, sneaking around my city like a super hero.



2-4-8

Hey there little brother, how are ya? About a month late, but here is a letter to wish you a happy birthday. How are things going out in Tarkio? Chicago is buried in snow, but just now starting to melt out.

Well, now that you're a pig farmer I will keep an eye out for ridiculous pig-related items. For some reason there is a God-awful amount of bacon products out on the market, many of which we sell at my store. For the most part we sell them to vegetarians who think it's funny to be ironic. Chicagoens love bacon jokes. There's a great bakery down the road from me called "Bleeding Heart Bakery", and they sell tons of vegan desserts, and gluten-free stuff, organic stuff... I was in there the other day and saw that they had some ~~xx~~ chocolate-covered bacon. "Is that like Tofu-Bacon?" I asked them. "No. It's real bacon. Michelle loves bacon!" I thought this was pretty funny despite the fact that I am rather against the idea of eating meat, and haven't done so myself in many years. But I better stop before I start talking about my views on the meat industry, for you are now part of said industry. I'm sure you must know that I find the whole thing a bit creepy, to say the least, but you are my brother and I am fuckin proud of you! Always have been. You got a wife, some kids, a house, and a well-paid job. Last time I talked to mom ~~x~~ on the phone she said "Do you remember how late he would sleep? Couldn't ever get him to do any work!" But we're both impressed at the man you've become.





Aaron April Piper  
Jan 06

I'm gonna get outta here. I need to get to the post office before my day off is over. Please send my regards to april, piper, phil, and of course cale and kate as well. take care out there!

Much love bro!

Billy



My Dear Laura,

at the most recent Renegade Craft Fair I met some girls who had started the "Letter Writers Alliance", and for a small fee I signed up as well. I was hoping to be plugged into a hyper-active pen pal network with whom I could communicate all my hopes and fears. So far I've been emailed a single address, which I wrote to and have yet to hear back from. My conclusions are that: a) Strangers tend to make lousy pen pals, and b) A Letter writing network has no business orienting themselves on a website.

That being said, I recieved from them a very nicely made address book, and I am proud to say that your information occupies one of the pages. So thank you for the many cards and letters you've sent me during our time as friends.

I write to you on ~~this~~ this February evening out of friendship, but also with a more specific motivation. My zines often serve as a method by which I can wipe the slate clean, so to speak, and confess to friends and strangers alike my many sins. i know that confession and apology are not exactly the same, and perhaps I mention this point intentionally. I don't know that I am sorry for the actions I am about to speak of, but I do feel a strange bit of guilt, enough so that I've decided to come ~~x~~ clean. At least until the next issue.



About a year ago I did a zine reading at the much-acclaimed hotspot known as Quimbys. A lot of great readers were there that night, including a couple of Matts. The place was ~~pak~~ packed, and everyone read these funny, witty, uplifting stories. Then I got up, and gave the crowd a choice on what they'd like to hear me read. They chose the serious story, and I proceeded to tell the tale of when I was arrested. I know you remember the night I'm talking about, because you and ~~Lee~~ Leon came down and heard every word of my story. You heard me talk about setting up spy cams in the bathroom of my friends dorm room, and how ashamed I was of the whole thing. You heard me talk about how no one in Chicago knew about my past, and how afraid I was to tell anyone for fear they would judge me on the mistakes of my past. It was a confession that night, AND an apology. The cheerful room was dead silent as each audience member thought all the good and bad thoughts they could while listening to someone talk about what a horrible person they once were. After I was done I left the room to get ~~some~~ some fresh air. When I came back in, I didn't know what to think, and didn't know how people would react or interact with me. You were the first to come up to me. You gave me a hug, and told me how proud you were of me. You told me that it isn't easy to talk about something like that. Your eyes were even a bit wet with emotion, and I was stunned by what a compassionate person you proved yourself to be. You are such a kind, caring, trusting, and loving person, and please never doubt that I mean those words.

but Laura, the letter thus far has been a ~~a~~ recounting of past events. I would now like to push onward, to the true intention of of this letter.



The story I told that night at Quimbys was all a lie. I've never been arrested, and certainly not for violating the privacy rights of any of my good friends. I made it all up because it was a good story. It wasn't the only time. All the readings I've done over the past year and a half have been fiction, or "creative non-fiction" at their very best. There are a few reasons behind it, and I would like to explain them to you in hopes that you will understand.

The last issue I wrote, PIE#8, is in my mind a very depressing issue. It deals with a lot of topics that are not easy to deal with, especially when I wrote it. But I like zine readings, and I like to talk to crowded gatherings. When people would ask me to participate in their events I would promptly agree, only later to realize I never wanted to read from #8, ever. So I would have to come up with something new. That's the first half of the explanation.

The second half is my innate desire to put on a good show! The same desire causes me to publicly confess to you, in hopes that it will be good reading material. I think people in Chicago are too easily guided into known and acceptable routines, and that includes the art/zine/music/whatever scenes. A person gets on stage and then announces that they are about to tell a true story, and everyone sits back and goes "ok, here's some true-story, coming my way." I just wanted to make something up, and I wanted to see how people would take it. It was a personal challenge as well. It's not easy to take a roomful of enthusiastic, jubilant people and make them all question whether or not they want to be your friend after all. But I wanted to tell a sad story, and do it in a sad way.



I wasn't invited to Quimbys based on my honesty, I was invited there to entertain others, and that's the entertainment I wanted to provide. Emotions are healthy, even the sad ones, and internal moral conflict is a great form of pastime. I told a tale of a young writer who was conflicted as to whether he should talk about his shameful deeds, and in turn I was hoping to bring up a number of conflicts within the minds of the audience. But then, when I looked out across the faces of so many friends and strangers, a cluster of unexpected dilemmas occurred to me. Was it wrong to lie? Should I tell the truth later? How much later? Should I tell all, or just some? And there were so many strong women there that night, women who write zines and put on shows. Women I respect greatly, women who stand up to the patriarchal bull shit of every day life, and then I stood there and told a story about spying on my girlfriend and putting it all on the internet. What a scumbag they must have thought I was! yet, over the last year I have seen all those same women at shows and readings, and they have continued to treat me with total respect. There are some amazing things in this town, and some amazing people.

So, that's it. I hope you can forgive me. Sometimes entertainment is more important than honesty, especially when entertainment is what the people are paying for.

much love my friend,

*Billy*

ps, ever heard my podcast on the Fall of Autumn website? Yeah, that one's bullshit too.



# TRIP TO CHUCK E. CHEESE'S



Chuck E. Cheese  
04/03/06

Trip to Chuck E. Cheese's



Jenna-vieve,

Ok, so I didn't get you any presents this year for x-mas or any of the other holidays, and actually, i'm not sure if i even got you a bday present backin September (though I did call at least). But I can justify all my inactions through those of your own. I'd rather be on a non-present giving basis anyway, it's easier. Pen-palship, however, I am still going to pressure you into. I went on sort of a hiatus from ~~xx~~ letter-writing, but now that I have a clean apartment, and a nice table upon which to set my type-writer, well I'm back baby! And it's only a p matter of time before you start writing me back.

It was so nice to see you the other day, even if only for a couple of hours. I know I should come visit you, but things just get busy, you know. Plus I've been in a weird head space the past couple months. I've been busy with school, and very busy with work. On top of all that, Allison and I have been going through some stuff. It hasn't been easy for me, but I'm ~~xxx~~ now at a point where I feel I am pulling through all of it, and starting to get a hold on who I used to be. I want a return to the old me, ya know? I think back to previous points in mylife, and I miss all the old times. I think everyone does that, but somehow I am able to miss every single thing about my past life, even the bad stuff. It's overwhelming, but I long for it anyway. I think about old friends, past lovers, far-away apartments, and I want them all back, right now, all at once. I don't know why. It's nostalgia overdrive. I romanticize the past. But my heart longs for the good ol' days, including you. I miss you, and I miss us. Parts of me wish I had moved out there with you, but that just wasn't how things should have gone. We're both so much better off, I think. But it was so nice to see you, and to feel like we're still connected, even after these years gone by.



The stuff with me and allison has been painful beyond all explanation. She did the right thing, and did it as best she could. We were stuck, going no where with ourselves and each other, so she shook things up. Loneliness is an interesting thing. There were so many nights when I sat alone in my first Chicago apartment, thinking about you, so far away, missing you and wondering where you were. I had no one back then, I was new to the city. Hadn't done any zines, wasn't in a band, none of that. I worked, did school, and came home. When I got lonely, I had nothing to do but listen to Coast to Coast AM, and think about all the ways the world would end. I was so paranoid of every thing, and there were some long lonely nights. But this stuff with allison is so different. It's beyond the loneliness of a long distance relationship, and it's beyond the sadness of losing my father. ~~It~~ It's heartbreak, plain and simple. It's her telling me this is my chance to date other girls, and absolutely not wanting to. It's me staying up late, wishing I could go over to her house and see her, but being afraid to. It's me living in Chicago for many years now, and having a long list of people with whom I could hang out, but not feeling emotionally comfortable with any of them. After my dad died, I just pushed everyone out of my personal space. I couldn't handle it. For awhile there, it was open door policy, and anyone who took the time to give me a hug was also granted a key to my heart. Different keys went to different parts, but everyone was at least allowed into the main foyer. But now that shit is on lockdown. Allison was the only person left with a key, and she turned it in for a little while. She and I have issues, for sure. We've not always treated each other as well as we could/should have. But we're working through it, we really are. I want to. I love her immensely. But this whole situation has opened my mind up to other thoughts, and reconnected ~~me~~ me to my passion ~~and~~ and emotions. I love her like crazy, and want to share myself with her. But maybe it's time to also let a few others back in as well.



That's it for now. Thank you, as they say in Golden Girls, for being a friend. You're a pretty incredible person, and I'm quite fortunate to have had the opportunity to know you in the way that I do. You've stuck with me through crazy, through juvenile, through depression, through apathy and ~~xx~~ stoicism, and you've even stuck with me through all the good stuff. I'm happy and proud to know you, and I hope our love and friendship remains true for the many many decades that science will obviously allow us to live.

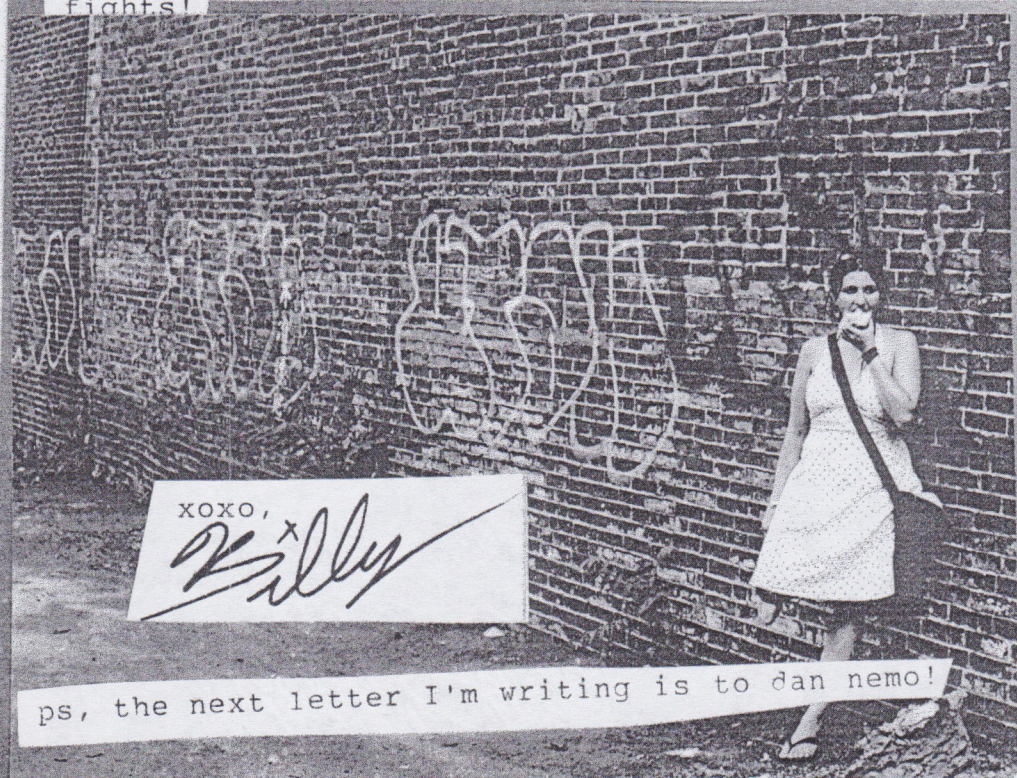
I will come visit again, I promise. But you still owe me as well. A 4 hour layover does allow time for lunch, but it does not get you off the visitation hook. Maybe some time you and Brown, and me and Allison can all meet up in some other city for a weekend of whatever, how does that sound?

Take care my love, and keep fighting the good fights!

XOXO,

*Kelly*

ps, the next letter I'm writing is to dan nemo!





Dear Papergirls,

I just wanted to type you out a thank you note for the wonderful christmas present you got me. (I made sure to type out CHRISTmas, instead of X-mas, because as I learned from my grandmother last week, if you take the CHRIST out of CHRISTmas, all you have left is a "mess". Although, to me you would technically have "mas" which means more, but she lives in Iowa, they don't have Spanish there anyway...)

This is one of the first holidays I can remember where I actually got some stuff I would want. I got that awesome book from you guys (which i love, didn't have, and was not expecting), i got some warm comfy flannel PJs from my grandma, i got an art piece from allison that was made by Ted back in 1998. But best of all, i got a present from my mom that tops like every present i've ever gotten. she gave me some old love letters between her and my dad from like the 70's. Pretty intense stuff. I'd made her a scrapbook, you know, for her b-day in early December, full of pictures and hand-written stories about some details of my life, things which she was unfamiliar. I think she really appreciated the gesture. in return she gave me some details of her life. I know so many people who have had relations with their parents, and it's nice, so very nice, to not be in that category. Even now, when I only see my mother a couple times a year, we are continuing to grow ~~ix~~ closer.

Anyway, that's all. All you girls are da bomb over there. you're all cute and funny and nice and creative. You make the work day fun, for yourselves and for us across the street. Keep up all the good work, and always let me know if you need anything.

Rock on,

Billy



Dear Dear Davy,

Yo bro, how are ya? I'm doin pretty well, though it's too early in the day for anything to be wrong yet. Last night I went to sleep watching one of my new Ninja Turtle DVDs. The new series that's on TV these days has some crazy storylines, I don't know how kids can follow it. According to the episode I watched last night, Shredder is actually an alien prisoner who is thousands of years old. He's an Utron, which is the alien race based on Krang from the old series. Crazy stuff.

Things are pretty good on my end. Work is going well, and my house is in decent shape. Last week I bought a bunch of TVs and VCRs so I can start doing some sort of video mixing performance art. Not sure what I'm doing with that just yet, ~~xx~~ but I'm having fun watching stacks of videos every night. I found one at Unique that was labeled only as "Christmas 1984, Charlie Brown". I got it, even though I was worried it would only be CHARlie Brown, whom I've never cared for. But to my absolute DELIGHT, it was an authentic home movie of some Chicago family, circa 1984. The quality, which I'm sure was top of the line back then, is so terrible. I was enthralled. I wish there were a theatre, with a big screen and all, that would just show ~~xx~~ home movies from strangers. I'd pay \$10 to go see that, and enjoy it much more than a lot of what is out there these days. I'm a stuck up film ~~xxxx~~ student, proudly, and I really hate most movies. Have you ever considered a Found movie? People find everything else, they must find videos and DVDs, right?



It was kind of crazy to run into you out Baltimore. It was a great show, as always. I really like Atomic Books, they do good work. Hard to think that after all these years you and Pete are still criss-crossing the nation telling stories. It's an idea that will never get old. Have you ever done shows in Europe, or elsewhere? It seems tougher to pull off, but not impossible.

Allison is doing well, thanx for asking. Check it out, a couple weeks ago we went and got each others names tattooed on our ankles! ~~Ex~~ Totally crescent fresh! It was my first tattoo, and I'd joked with her about it before. We've been going through all kinds of stuff the last few months. We're both so crazy. Crazy artists. And she makes me so mad sometimes! God Damn! There ain't another person in the world that can make me mad as her, which of course I love. We got in a fight last month, and not even a fight really, and after she left I was so depressed that I kicked my foot through a pane of glass on the door that separates my bedroom from my living room. It shattered, and I refused to clean it up. Well, sure enough the next day my barefooted self is getting ready for work and I embedded one of those shards right into my heel as I was giving the dog some food. It was long and slender, and went stright in like a needle. I tried to pull it out, but couldn't. So I wore that piece of glass in my foot for 2 days, limping around, trying not to let my coworkers notice. Every time I took a step it would hurt, and every time it hurt I'd just think about how much I loved Allison. Crazy, right?

we started talking about marriage, and I told her that everyone who gets married just ends up getting divorced, by which I meant that my parents got divorced and it really messed with me. But then she said



that all she would want is a small ceremony out in the forest or something, which actually sounded kind of great to me. So I said "yeah, we should get married." But of course I never actually proposed or anything, then she decided she was sort of sick of me, by which I mean she was sick of my stoic unemotional personality, a personality I try to keep at bay. So we tried to spend some time apart, and I absolutely hated it. She didn't mean to, but she broke my heart Davy, she really did. But, of course, I love that too. It woke me up, which was all she wanted anyway. I started writing in my journal again, and started trying to make friends again. Even put my website back online. I'm doing good things. I mean, don't get me wrong. Even during my stoic and non-emotional phases, I remain productive. But with passion and emotion added into the mix, ~~xxx~~ all the art gets that much better.

So yeah. I don't know what now. I think we will eventually get married. I've thought over different ways I might propose, but I have no idea what ~~to~~ to do for a ring, which has been a big hold up for me. But it will all work out some how. We've still got issues to work out, anyway. We get into fights over stupid shit, which are always fueled by larger issues that we will eventually have to talk about. The first few years of relationship were polyamorous, which seemed to work. But I think she secretly hated it the whole time. It's good and bad, ya know? I used to know so many people in open relationships like that, and we'd have meetings and discussion groups to talk about pros and cons and there seemed to be a lot of supportive people in Chicago if you needed to talk about something. But now I don't know anybody, and the loving hippie community is either gone, or just not within my realm of awareness.



But whatever the case may be, we all have to find what works best for us, and the open relationship thing stopped working. But when we fight, that's still what it's always about! She's convinced I'm trying to fuck every girl I meet, and Davy it just ain't like that! I haven't been with another person, boy or girl, in 2 years! But I hurt her in the past, and she's worried I might do it again. I understand the whole situation, but damn it gets frustrating sometimes! But I love her, and despite all my flaws, I think she loves me too. So somehow, it will work out. Just need to be patient.

Ok, sorry about that. Ha. that was a lot of stuff I just said.

Before I get out of here, I want to officially thank you for being so supportive of everything I do. The \$20 you gave me is still tacked up in my office, and will remain there until I finally get issue #9 finished, at which point I will pull it down and use it to pay for postage on the care package I send you. It's a long~~xi~~ time coming. And thank you, also, for the opportunity to write for ~~x~~ your upcoming project, I'm very excited about it.





That's it for me. i'll see if I can  
find some embarrassing picture of you to  
include when I print this in my zine.  
I must have one somewhere....

take care bro,

*Billy*



02-06-08

Dear Too Cool,

Well, you were right, no one ever wins the Mega Millions. I really would have given you some of it, too. But oh well, I suppose its all for the best. What would I do with that much money? I'd have some fun, sure, but I'm having fun as it is.

I've been trying to type out a story for my next issue, but it's not flowing the way I want, so I thought I'd take a break and write you a letter instead. It's too early in the morning, I do all my best writing late in the night, when I'm up so late that I'm beyond the point of being tired. I was supposed to have band practice tonight, but it was cancelled due to the impending snowstorm. I feel a bit guilty, but I was happy to hear it had been cancelled, because that means I can come home right after work and just type out some stories. I've been contemplating that band for months now, going back and forth on whether or not I ~~should~~ should quit. I really like everyone in the band, and like all the rock n' roll we create. The problem is with me. Drumming isn't as fun for me as it used to be, and I'd rather spend my time on other things. Plus my wrist has been bothering me again. I've learned to stretch and everything before I ~~to~~ play, but it's still a problem sometimes. We'll see.

It's funny that you saw me on TV. Thank you for all the compliments. Allison wanted to know if you taped it. Neither of us watched it, though I don't know why.

My dog is being all barky this morning. She's bored and wants me to play with her. I guess I can understand that, all any of us wants is some attention, right? It's still annoying though. ha.



I tried to get into school again this semester but couldn't get the class I wanted. So, I'm just gonna chill out and finish it up in the summer. On the plus side, this will free up some money to buy a truck. Sarah's girlfriend, Dorothy, is going to help me find one. She's funny. She's got this dry sense of humor that makes her almost seem humorless. Have you ever known anyone like that? RM But actually, I think she's very funny, and I think she is very often amused at the world. But I tell you this, she takes her truck-buying very seriously, which is why she is the perfect weapon for me to use against the car-sellers of the world. A few weeks ago I spent an afternoon biking down Cicero Ave, from Addison down to Division. It's like 2 miles of used car lots. I found quite a few vehicles that looked like something I would drive, and I even started a few of them up, but in the end what the fuck do I know about a car? I need help, and Dorothy is it.

When I was in the 9th grade I took the shop class that all my friends were taking. I'm not exactly sure why I took it, but I'm glad I did. We used power tools, and learned the dangers of baggy clothing, and all that. Certain things I enjoyed very much. We made our own screwdrivers. How bout that? we cut metal, heated it, flattened one end, then set ~~xxxx~~ these pieces of altered metal into a mold, into which some sort of resin was poured to make the handle. It was quite an empowering feeling to realize that not only could I use tools, but I could MAKE tools. But the one section of the class I had trouble with was automechanics. For weeks we studied cars, and engines, and how it all works. It was amazing that ~~xxx~~ someone had figured out how to make it all work. The big test at the end of semester was to spend a single class period taking apart, then putting back together, an actual carburetor. Well, I



got the thing apart ok, but of course putting it back is the tough part. Joe Snethen did it, no problem. Cale Hainline had his done in a flash. But me, I was stuck. The straight A student who never studied who placed fourth in the Iowa State Math Bee, and I couldn't get the thing back together. I was 15, and I felt stupid, and I was starting to panic. But then I noticed the kid sharing my table with me. Quincy Main was already done, and fucking around like he always liked to do. To him, this moment would now be long forgotten, but for me it was a very key point in my development. I set aside my pride ~~xx~~ and asked Quincy to ~~x~~ help me. He came over and like nothin had that thing back together. I understood right then that this kid was smarter than me, in certain things at least. Previously I had known him as the kid who used to put his pet hamster in the RC car and race it around his house, but there was another side. He was a whiz with engines, and would never have to worry about getting a job. His grades weren't ask high as they could have been, but he wasn't stupid. Grades don't mean shit, and neither does school, really. But I learned something else. I learned that I would probably never be an expert on cars, and I was ok with that. It's ok to ask for help, because there's probably someone out there who is eager to give it to ~~x~~ you.

Anyway. It's starting to feel like breakfast time. Hope you are doing well today. I'm including my return address, so feel free to write me back any time. Too Cool Cynthia and Billy the Bunny, pen pals at last.

xoxo,  
*Billy*



"This one goes out to all my..."

Ok, that's it! Many thanx to all y'all. If you're ever bored, here are some websites you can surf:

*A Candy*  
[www.bodyartbyallison.com](http://www.bodyartbyallison.com)

[www.southkorerecords.com](http://www.southkorerecords.com)

[www.myspace.com/cupnstring](http://www.myspace.com/cupnstring)

[www.fallofautumn.com](http://www.fallofautumn.com)

[www.hemlockrecords.com](http://www.hemlockrecords.com)

[www.myspace.com/condenada](http://www.myspace.com/condenada)

[www.denverzinelibrary.org](http://www.denverzinelibrary.org)

[www.foundmagazine.com](http://www.foundmagazine.com)

[www.hewhocorrupts.com](http://www.hewhocorrupts.com)

[www.underground-library.org](http://www.underground-library.org)





[www.iknowbilly.com](http://www.iknowbilly.com)

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